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THE Second Part OF THE *History of the* London CLUBS.

PARTICULARLY,

The *Farting* Club, The *No-Nos'd* Club, The *Misers* Club, The *Atheistical* Club.

With a Comical Relation of the Devil in a Bear Skin.

The *Farting* CLUB.

OF all the Fanatical Clubs that ever took Pains to make themselves stink in the Nostrils of the Publick, sure no Ridiculous Community ever yet came up to this Windy Society, which was certainly Established by a Parcel of empty Sparks about 30 Years ago at a Publick House in *Cripplegate* Parish, where they us'd to meet once a Week to Poyson the Neighbouring Air with their unsavoury Fizzles, and were so vain in their Ambition to out Fart one another, that they used to Diet themselves against their Club Nights with Cabbage, Onions, and Pease-Porridge, that every ones Bumb-Fiddles might be the better qualified to sound forth its Emulation. The Stewards who were chosen once a Quarter being the ony

Judges of all Fundamental Diſputes between the Buttocks of this Perfum'd Aſſembly. The Liquors that they uſually drank to Time their Merry Arſes, was new Ale and Juniper Water, till every one was ſwell'd like a blown Bag-Pipe, and then they began to Thunder out whole Volleys like a Regiment of Train'd-Bands in a Vigorous Attach upon *Bunhill-Fields*, Dunghil, till the Room they ſat in ſtunk ten times worſe than a Tom-Turd Man's Bucket; yet in their windy Irruptions they had ſo nice a regard to Lappet cleanlineſs, that an old Alms Woman had a better Penſion from the Club, than ſhe had from the Pariſh, to give her conſtant attendance in the next Room; and if any Member was ſuſpected of a Brewers Miſcarriage, he was preſently ſent in to be examin'd by the old Beldam, who after ſearching his Breeches, and narrowly inſpecting the hinder Lappet of his Shirt thro' her crackt Spectacles, made a Report accordingly; if unſoil'd, then a clap of the Bum was given in token of his cleanlineſs, but if the naſty Bird had befoul'd his own Neſt, then, *Beſhit upon Honour*, was the Word, and the Laxitive Offender was Fin'd as the Steward ſhould think fit; and when ever any Health was begun in the Club, it was always honour'd with the windy Compliment of a Gun from the ſtern of the Buttock, and drank with as much Formality as Commanders puſh about the Royal Health on Board their Wooden Citadels.

Thus the Stinking Society continu'd their Farting Conſort for ſome Years with abundance of diligence, till they had brought their Arſes, by the help of their Muſicians, unto ſuch excellent Tune, that they could command their Fundaments with as much dexterity as the City Waites can a double Courtil; inſomuch, that the very Boys and Girls in imitation of their Harmony, went Trumping along the Street to School, till their Maſters were forc'd to Whip them till they ſtunk, to make them leave off Farting.

When any of the Club go out of the World, the defunct is honour'd with a Volley of Farts, in the ſame manner as a Captain of the Guard is by diſcharge of a round of Muſquets at the noble Interment of a Brother Soldier, and finding ſome Reaſons to ſuſpect that the ſame Food wou'd bring them to the ſame End, they had the Wit to diſſolve

their Club, change their Cabbage Diet into ſubſtantial Beef, and to tie up their Fundaments by degrees from their accuſtomary Erruptions.

No Mortal ſure of Fleſh and Blood
E're heard before, ſince Noah's *Flood*
Of Muſick Fizz'd from a Gut,
Extended to the Windy Scut.
Well may ſo many Bards Excret
The Dreggs and Feſis of their Wit,
In Beaſtly Songs, and Bawdy Verſes,
Since Men Play Tunes upon their Arſes;
E'n let ſuch Head and Tails unite,
That one may Sing what t'other Write;
For ſwelling Rhimes are often found
Like Nauſeous Furts, meer Empty Sound.

The No-Nos'd CLUB.

A Merry Gentleman who had often hazarded his own Boltſplit, by ſteering a Vicious Courſe of Life among the dangerous Rocks of *Venus*, having obſerv'd in his Walks thro' our *Engliſh Sodom*, that abundance of both Sexes had Sacrific'd their Noſes to the God of *Priapus*, and had unluckily fallen into the *Æthiopian* Faſhion of flat Faces, pleas'd himſelf with an Opinion it might prove a very Comical Sight for ſo many Maim'd Leachers, Snuffling old Stallions, young unfortunate Whore-Maſters, poor Scarify'd Bawds, and Sallivated Whetſtones, to ſhew their Scandalous Vizards in a Noſe-leſs Society; to accompliſh which he made it his Buſineſs for ſome time to get Acquaintaince with ſuch Stigmatiz'd Companions, appointing every No-Nos'd Member he could find, to meet him at the *Dog-Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*, upon a certain Day, a little before Dinner time: At which time the No-Nos'd Company began to drop in like Scald Heads and Cripples to a Mumpers Feaſt, asking for Mr. *Crompton*, which was the feign'd Name the Gentleman had taken upon him; ſucceeding one another ſo thick with jarring Voices like the brazen Strings of a crackt Dulcimore, that the Drawer could ſcarce ſhew one up Stairs before he had another to conduct: Being all in a

Room

Room together, a Snorting old Fellow, whose Nose was utterly swallow'd up by his Cheeks, having a little more Impudence than the rest of the Snuffletonians, Egad, *says he*, if by chance we should fall together by the Ears, how long might we Fight before we should have bloody Noses? Ad-Flesh, *says another*, you talk of Noses, I have been looking this half Hour to find one in the Company. God be praised, *says a third*, tho' we have no Noses, we have every one a Mouth, and that spreading the Table seems at present to be the most useful Member.

The Dinner being now ready, the Master of the Feast, conducted by the Vintner, walk'd up Stairs to Complement his Flat Nos'd Guest with a hearty Welcome, and to return them Thanks that they had done him the Honour to remember their Words, and according to his Wishes grac'd the Entertainment he had provided for them, with so large an appearance of both Sexes.

The Victuals being set upon the Table, there happen'd to be among other Varieties, a couple of Fat Pigs, which the Cook, to make a Jest, had merrily sent up with both their Snouts cuts off: The Gentleman being offended to see the the Piggs Heads so strangly mangled, sent for the Cook up Stairs, to know the reason of it; who answer'd, he had cut off their Noses to put the Pigs in the Fashion, as not thinking it fit two such Swinish Creatures should run their Noses into such good Company, that had none among them. A Pox take you, *Reply'd an old Snuffler*, for the Son of a Dripping-Pan! The fewer Noses there is in the Company, the more there ought to be in the Feast, for the Ladies know that Flat Things always love Long Snouts.

Thus in Eating, Drinking and Jesting they pass'd away their Time, till the Wine and the Mercury made them touter about the Room like Drunken Boors at a *Dutch* Wedding, and then the Founder of the Feast paid the Reckoning generously, bid them heartily welcome, and Invited them that Day Month to such another Entertainment, which kind Hospitality he several times repeated, and call'd the Society by the Name of *The No-Nos'd Club*: But the bountiful Promoter within less than a Year happening in spite of his Nose, to die in a Salivation, the Flat Fac'd Community were unhappily dissolv'd. This Elegy was made in Honour of his Memory.

Mourn all ye No-Nos'd Bullies of the Age,
Whose batter'd Snouts the Worlds decay presage;
Oh! Weep and Flux out your Lamenting Eyes,
Till flowing Grief each hidden Ulcer dries;
And your Contagious Tears corrode your Cheeks,
As Mercury do's their Mouths who Spit Three Weeks;
For sure no Nose-less Club could ever find
One single Nose so Bounteful and Kind.
But now alas! he's sunk into the Deep,
Where neither Kings or Slaves a Nose can keep,
But where Proud Beauties, strutting Beaus and all,
Must soon into the Nose-less Fashion fall.

Thither your Friend in Complaisance is gone,
To have his Nose, like yours, reduc'd to none:
For Worms to Beauty do as Fatal prove
Below, as Pox *and* Physick *do above.*

The Misers *C L U B.*

THIS Society of Canary-Bibing Citizens, held their Weekly Meeting at the *Old Queens-Head* in *Bishopsgate-street*, being chiefly compos'd of such Penurious Misers that seldom drank Wine but on their Club Nights, and then it was to consult how to improve their Riches by the Punishment of their Guts, and to become in time Lord Mayors and Aldermen, by pinching large Estates out of the Cubbords of their Families. The famous Sir *John Pick-Plumb* of ever cursed Memory, the Eminent Dr. *Hook* of *Gotham College*, *Bugeraxto Covert*, who dy'd in his Dung, and left his Wealth to his Catamite.

Once a Quarter they had a Misers Feast, but to save Charges they us'd to beg their Venison of some great Man; cheat the Keeper of his Fees, and make their Country Tenant send them Fowl and Bacon, and engage the Master of the House to give them the Dressing, that they might stuff their Guts at no other Expence than of Bread and Wine, and go home afterwards without cursing their Mouths for Imposing upon Pockets.

Extravagancy they accounted the very Sin against the Holy Ghost, and nothing more approv'd commendable Vertue, then excessive Covetousnoss. One would highly commend the Frugality of a Man that built him a new Barn out of the Scrapings of his Cheese. Another applauded the good Husbandry of the Farmer, who never wore any Cloaths than what was made of the Wooll that he pick'd off the Hedges. Another with a Patch'd Coat on, which had been made by some of his Ancestors, and worn down to the third and fourth Generation, till Age had given it such a Greasy Gloss, that a Louse could not crawl up the polish'd Camblet without endangering his Neck, for want of sure Footing. Another distinguish'd himself as a Gentleman, by a rusty old Rapier, that might be guess'd by its Antiquity to have been kept in the Family ever since the time of *Robin Hood*, or the Blind Beggar of *Bednal Green*. Another with a pair of Pinkt Shoes on, for the Ease of his Corns, that look'd as if they had been as often at the Coblers as ever the Owner had been at Church or Coffee-House.

Thus every one was so singular, that their covetous Dispositions were as visible in their Dresses, as in their Meagre Countenances, who made up such a starv'd Society of poor Macerated Mortals, that had they been all open'd, it would certainly have puzzled a good Anatomist to have found one Ounce of Fat among the whole Caroly Assembly. For all that their Lean Carcasses were capable of performing, were just to live and move, and the principal satisfaction they enjoy'd in their Minds, were to be Rich and Covetous; for tho' they were inspir'd once a Week with the Spirit of Generosity, as to lavish Six Pence in such a Bug-Bear Place as a Tavern, yet they fumbled out the Trifle with such a Miserly Regret, as if they curs'd their Guts for depriving their Pockets of so nigardly an Allowance, and if there happen'd to

be an odd Penny in the Reckoning above their uſual Club, for Grey Peaſe, or other extraordinaries, rather than any Four would lay down their Farthing and let the reſt go Scot free, a Farthing a Head muſt be gather'd round the Company, and the Overplus laid out in Writing Paper, which Dr. *Hook*, the Mathematician, moſt equally divided by Scale and Compaſs among the whole Society, to keep the Ballance of Equity in a true Poiſe; for which exact Method in the diſtinction of Juſtice, they were honour'd with the Title of the Split Farthing Club.

Tho Money is the Root of Evil,
And leads ſo many to the Devil;
Who do what's Wicked when they get it,
And rend whole Kingdoms to come at it:
Yet when by Fortune they have gain'd
More Wealth than they know how to ſpend
'Tis ſtrange they ſtill ſhould rob the Spittle,
To keep up what they uſe ſo little.
The Lord, the Trader, and the Peaſant,
Are all corrupted with a Spice on't.
The very Prieſt that Rails at Gold,
And thoſe that lend for double fold,
Cannot forbear to hug the Darling,
But Hoard it with its Brother Sterling;
Perſue, Improve it, and Adore it,
Nay, even Preach againſt *it,* for *it:*
Therefore ſince all are Money *Lovers,*
From Heroes down to Smithfield *Drovers,*
And muſt turn Knaves when once they ſee
A Gainful Opportunity.
So Stateſmen that ſurround a Throne,
When once too Rich and Wealthy grown,
The greater Power they ſtill poſſeſs,
The more they Injure and Oppreſs;
Which plainly ſhews that all Men won'd
Be haughty Tyrants if they cou'd.

The Atheiſtical *C L U B.*

THIS Unbelieving Society of Irreligious Profligates met for ſeveral Years at an Eminent Tavern in *Weſt-*

minſter.

minſter, wherein over the Bottle they us'd to Aſſert the Devils Cauſe a-gainſt the Prieſts Prerogative, and argue the wide World into ſuch a precarious a State, as if the whole Frame of Nature was but one Cake of Atoms, moulded by meer Chance into the Form it bears, and after-ward hard bak'd in the ſpacious Oven of Immenſity, and that the Hea-vens themſelves were no more but the upper Cruſt, and Hell the bottom of the Loaf.

In ſuch ſort of Ridicules, as well as impious Syſtems, they us'd fre-quently to advance out of their Heatheniſh Maggots, and rather than give Credit to *Moſes's Book of Geneſis*, they wou'd fancy that the firſt Race of Mankind grew upon Trees like *Solan Geeſe*, und ſtarted up like Muſhrooms, till by length of Time they were improv'd from Tom-Thumbs into Men of Stature, and ſo from Pigmies became Ra-tional Creatures.

A Knot of merry Gentlemen frequenting the ſame Tavern, and hear-ing what a Prophane Society uſed conſtantly to meet in the next Room to them, they laid their Heads together to conſult Ways and Means how to try the Reſolutions of theſe daring Sons of Thunder by ſome ſurprizing Adventure, that might ſtartle their Atheiſtical Fidelity. Up-on which they appointed a Meeting at *Poſture Clark's* Tavern, in order to engage him in their Project, who having provided a Bear-Skin for that Purpoſe, deſir'd notice to be given when it was convenient for the Sham Devil to make his Perſonal Appearance: When they had thus agreed, and moſt of the Libertines, according to Cuſtom, met together in their Club Room, they thought it high time for *Old Nicks* Repreſentative to ſhift off his Humane Apparel, and to Lace himſelf in his Diabolical Jacket, which was no ſooner done, but the Vintner Inform'd them, that the Club was all very buſie in Ridiculing Religion, and making a Jeſt of Damnation; ſaying, he wou'd ſtep himſelf and ſnuff the Caudles, that Satan might the better ſneak up Stairs upon all Hours unperceiv'd, and put himſelf in a corner till he found a ſeaſona-ble opportunity of performing what he intended. Accordingly they proceeded with very good Effect, and the Devil poſſeſs'd himſelf of a convenient Poſt without diſcovery, where he lay perdue for ſome time, till one of the Atheiſtical Crew ſaid, he wonder'd any Body in their Senſes could believe there were Goblings, Ghoſts or Apparitions, ſince he was well ſatisfy'd that the Devil himſelf, which the Prieſts made ſuch a Buſtle about, was nothing more than a Poetical Fiction. Upon which Words the Devil in the Corner made a damnable Yawn, which put the whole Society in a Terrible Surprize to direct their Eyes towards the place, where they beheld the Devil in a Bear-Skin, playing fifty Monkey Tricks, as if he was as Mad as a *March* Hare. Z——ds, ſays one, there's the Devil indeed, upon which they all ſcour'd down Stairs as if the Devil drove them, leaving only a *Scotchman* behind; who having more Courage than the reſt, reſolv'd to be further ſatisfy'd, towards whom the Bear advances, and raiſing himſelf upright, claps his Fore-Paws on the upper end of the Table; the *Scotchman* not car-ing to ſit within his reach, began to ſhift further off, while the Bear ſwallows a Bumper of Claret, gives the *Scotchman* a Nod, and takes it off at a Gallop, *Marry, Sir Devil*, ſays the Scot, *you have a gude wide Wem-*

I always whet before I devour, cryd the Bear, with that the Scotchman ſidled ſtill further off, but at length recovering more Courage, ſaid, Well you ſmauk a Peep, Sir Deel, Will you be mine, ſays the Fiend, in a Hoarſe Voice. Hauld a little, ſays the Bonny Scot, twa Words to that Bargan; upon which the Bear putting himſelf into a Poſture, as if he were going to ſeize the Scotchman as a Prey, at the ſight of which away ran Sawney headlong down Stairs as much frighted as the reſt.

The Picture of Ill Luck having thus diſperſed the Society, whipt out two or three Card Matches, which he had brought for that purpoſe, and lighting them at the Candle, perfum'd the Room with his Infernal Breath, and ſo return'd to the Company to make themſelves Merry with their Comical Tranſaction.

The frighted Society were all fled for refuge to the publick Kitchin, where, half recover of their Senſes, they fell ſtaring at one another, as if they were gaily'd. A Gentleman who belong'd to the ſaid Club, not hearing that Night to come ſo early as was uſual, left his Mate of the Devil's Entertainment; but ſtepping in with another Gentleman juſt as the Frick was over, was told at the Bar what a ſad Conſternation the whole Society had been put in by a ſtrange Apparition, was conducted into the Kitchen to the reſt of his Aſſociates, where he found them gazing in ſuch a Franck Conſternation, that he cry'd Z——ds, Gentlemen, has one poor Devil frighted you all out of your Wits? By my Sol, Dr, replys the Scotchman, had you been here, by Creeſt and St. Andrew, I believe the Taw Fiend would have tain you with him a Pick-a-Pack; for, by my Sol, if I had not ran fort, I had been but a Morſel with him. Upon which the Dr. out of Curioſity, in Com pany of another Gentleman, went up Stairs to get a ſight of this frightful Hobgobling; but as ſoon as they were got up Stairs, they ſmelt ſuch a damnable ſtink of Brimſtone, that they return'd haſtily down Stairs to avoid the Company of his Devilſhip. Did you ſee the Devil, cry'd his frighted Companions. Not I, replys the Dr. but I believe he has been there, for he has left a damn'd Stink of Fire and Brimſtone behind him. So all the whole Company being ſtrangely Frighted, they diſſolv'd their Club, and never met afterwards in that manner, moſt of them confirming from that time to a Sober Chriſtian Life, believing that the Devil by Divine Mercy was let looſe from his infernal Chains on purpoſe to fright them out of thoſe Atheiſtical Mazes, in which they had been ſo long bewilder'd, ſo that what was intended for the Diverſion of one Company, prov'd the Reformation of the other.

Thus Libertines to Vice reſign,
Avers'd to be by Laws confin'd;
Diſdaining Vertues Sober Rules,
As only fit to Govern Fools,
When met together in a Body,
Each ſtrives to be the greateſt Noddy;
Becauſe he fears to be their Jeſt,
If more a Coward than the reſt;
So ſilly Children met to Sport,
Will wade and trample in the Dirt;
Leſt counted Daſtards at their Play,
by thoſe who lead the Miry way.
Yet Atheiſts, tho', when o'er their Wine,
They Laugh and Scoff at things Divine,
And fear no Puniſhment of Evil,
Becauſe they never ſaw the Devil;
Scarce one durſt tarry in a Room
That's Dark, for fear the Fiend ſhould come;
Or croſs a Church Yard in the Night,
Leſt met by ſome Infernal Sp'rite.
Which plainly ſhews they've not the Heart
To ſtand by what they dare Aſſert.

The End of the Second Part.